

Good Morning 381

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Here's the Shop Talk I Like

A LONG and interesting letter that was not mauled by the Censor, was signed Lieut. R. Menzies, R.N.V.R. The letter was passed round the office and arrived on my desk.

I gather from your comments that only the first batch of papers have been received by you to date. You will notice quite a few changes as "Good Morning" grows older. Hope you will like them. If you don't, well, you know the address now.

Another writer in the same mail was bored with Nemo, and the crossword was far too difficult for his shipmates. You liked them, so there you will see the importance of letters.

Your suggestion that more Popsies might be popular has been recorded and bigger and better efforts will be made to supply this understandable demand.

By this time you will have seen several pictures of Janet Blair, but Huia, of the Windmill, hasn't appeared recently, so that will be remedied. Meantime, do you like this picture by Keyhole Nixon? It was taken



in Kew Gardens, just a few yards from Huia's home.

In the post is an autographed picture of Huia. She accepts your invitation to the home-coming party, by the way. So that makes two of us who are looking forward to the day when we can discuss more fully the beer about which you talk rather rashly.

With P.O. Kennedy, who leaves Blockhouse this week for your part of the world, I drank the health of the upstarts. When you get loose in the big city I will explain that toast to Charlie at the King and Keys, in Fleet-street. This evening I'll have another one—to that day.

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

Declaration by Ron Richards

PERSON responsible for considerable part of our honey ration is Mrs. B. S. Pond, honorary secretary, Dorset Beekeepers' Association for eighteen years.

Mrs. Pond, who has recently been elected hon. secretary of the Wilts, Hants and Dorset Federation, in her final report to Dorset, said: "The honey crop was an average one for the county as a whole, though one member in East Dorset had a marvellous crop—207lbs. from one stock and an average of 125lbs. from eight stocks."

The proposal which Dorset had put forward to the B.B.K.A. Council for the holding of examinations in beekeeping for schoolchildren, had been considered, and was included in the report by the Examinations Committee for acceptance at the next B.B.K.A. meeting.

Always a prominent member and expert apiarist, the Rev. J.

The power they provided was first used to pump water to the higher parts of the city and to supply emergency lighting. They continued to serve in this capacity until power could be produced by other means.

FOR three days a British submarine, keeping close inshore, watched a patrol of enemy anti-submarine craft leave a Mediterranean port regularly during the morning, proceed on a sweep, and return in the evening.

The group became affectionately known as "The Sheriff and Posse," says the commanding officer of the submarine, Lieutenant C. P. Chapman, D.S.C.

"On the fourth day we were about to have tea, resigned to another harassing day, when we sighted a modern, medium-sized supply vessel, laden, wearing German colours and decorated with Swastikas.

Two minutes after firing our torpedoes, I looked through the periscope and saw the target with her poop awash and a 30 degree list to starboard. When I looked again some minutes later the survivors were crowding the decks of two patrol craft which were standing by.

"As we withdrew to seaward we could see 'The Sheriff' looking for us."

Later, when the submarine attacked an enemy warship, Lieutenant Chapman saw "The Sheriff and Posse" hunting unsuccessfully astern.

MET Mr. Timms, father of C.E.R.A. Timms, at Clapham, the other day. He told me of the day the family went to Buckingham Palace for the D.S.M. Seems that the Press photographers had a tough break that day in not getting the pictures they were sent out for. Keyhole Nixon, "Good Morning" staff photographer, issues a challenge in answer to that; he defies the E.R.A. to dodge him when his next decoration is pinned on.

Mr. Timms also mentioned that Mrs. Timms, junior, and the baby had moved to Weymouth. We have sent the address to the appropriate correspondent and home news will be coming up.

ENGINE-BUILDING in the Midlands is Lieut. Bennett with five E.R.A.s, a correspondent advises. Mentioning that some of them have their wives with them, he closes: "Some of the chaps said they were fed-up with being ashore two months and would like to get to sea again."

But such as are good men can give good things, And that which is not good, is not delicious To a well-governed and wise appetite. Milton.



King must not come to Commons

J. M. Michaelson continues his Series

"Looking at Parliament"

in spectacular robes sit below the throne. The Speaker bows, the Lords Commissioners doff their hats.

After the Commission has been read, the Clerk of the Parliaments gives the assent by saying "Le roy le veult—the King wills it." Usually a great number of Bills receive the assent at the same time, the formula being given after the title of each has been read.

Should the assent be refused, the formula would be, "Le roy s'aviserà—the King will consider it." The last time this happened was in the reign of Queen Anne.

Norman French is used because this was the language of Parliament in its early days when the King of England was also King of France or part of it.

The assent does not necessarily mean the Bill immediately becomes law. It may be stated that a definite date shall see the beginning of its operation.

The King's appearance in Parliament for the delivery of his speech at the opening follows the assembly of the Houses and the swearing-in of Members and Peers, a matter taking several days. The ceremony of the speech from the Throne is exceedingly brilliant and picturesque.

A message is sent to the Commons summoning them, and they rush for good places at the Bar of the Lords. The King's speech is actually written by the Prime Minister of

the day, and its views are the views of the Cabinets.

Some of the speeches by brilliant Prime Ministers have been good, but generally it has of necessity to "drip platitudes," as one writer put it.

George III once asked if he delivered the speech well, and on being told "Yes," replied, "I am glad, because there was nothing in it."

George IV had a bet that he would introduce the words "Baa, baa, black sheep," into his speech from the throne.

He won his bet, and when Sheridan asked the Premier if he did not think it was extraordinary no one noticed, the Premier replied, "Not at all. As his Majesty was looking straight at you, everyone thought it was a purely personal allusion!"

After the ceremony the King returns to his Palace and the Commons and Lords proceed to business, which is the nominal reading for the first time of a Bill. They do this to show their right to deal with matters of their own and not the King's choice. Only after this do they hear the speech again and have a debate upon it.

Mother's Tending your sax Torp. William Mitchell

IF this were an autobiography torn from the dog-eared pages of a schoolboy's exercise book it would begin something like this: "I am a saxophone. I have had many adventures. Once I went to sea. . ."

But instead, it is the story of your own silver sax, A.B. Torpedo-man William Mitchell—and how it has come home at last, safe and gleaming still, from a round sea trip of many months.

You knew, of course, that Pete Mason—Merchant Navy seaman, with whom you dreamed dance band dreams and learned about crotchets and quavers and metre and time—borrowed your trusty instrument for one of his voyages.

Well, now it's home again, and when "Good Morning" representatives called on your Mother, Mrs. Edith Mitchell, at 14, Penley's Grove-street, York, we found it quite safe in "wind" and limb.

"Pete Mason, our Bill and another of their pals were each learning an instrument," your mother explained to us. "They were going to form a dance band, but Bill went into the Royal Navy and Pete into the Merchant Navy."

"Bill had the saxophone and Pete the drums, and Lew Brown was learning the trumpet. I think Pete took a sort of fancy to the sax, so Bill let him take it to sea to practice."

As we listened to all this, Bill, I closed my eyes, and for



a brief moment loosened the reins on my imagination.

And it was just dead easy to see your old pal Pete Mason, red in the face and with a soulful expression, playing wailing and mournful notes to an admiring cabin boy in the fo'castle.

Your mother still takes it out of its long case, and dusts it—and sometimes she even tries to play it. "But I haven't enough wind," she added, smilingly, as we left.

Mother is very fit and sends you her fond love, Bill. And all's well at home. Good Hunting!

THE VANISHING LAKE MYSTERY

PART 19

GREGORY Pyne plodded with heavy steps along the broad drive that led to Coswarth Place. He walked with head down, his face grave and set, steeling himself for one of the most difficult tasks that had ever come his way.

As he stood at the door the strains of a gramophone came from the house, mocking his gravity with their noise. Sir Harry Coswarth was only just up. In response to the Rector's urgent message, he received him in a little oak-paneled room that served the double purpose of smoking and dressing-room.

"Nothing wrong, Pyne, I hope?" he said, extending a moist hand. "My man told me you said it was urgent."

"It is," Pyne answered gravely. "It's a private matter. We shan't be interrupted here?"

"No. No." Coswarth went across the room to get himself a cigarette. "What is it?" His voice had a hollow ring.

Pyne threw Madge's note on the table.

"There's a letter from Mrs. Enslow," he said. "It's to explain she and Lynn can't lunch today. But that doesn't matter. It's about Bealing that I want to talk to you."

"Bealing? The fellow who was drowned?" Coswarth would not meet Gregory Pyne's steady gaze. He fumbled with Madge's letter. "What about him, padre?"

"Coswarth, you knew he wasn't drowned, didn't you?" Pyne said slowly.

"What do you mean? Of course he was drowned. I was at the inquest."

"And you identified some poor fellow as Bealing?"

"It was Bealing, I tell you." Gregory Pyne showed unwonted signs of impatience. He raised his voice, and faced Coswarth squarely.

"I've come here to try to help you, if I can," he said, "but if you lie to me any more I shall leave you to what you most undoubtedly deserve. Come now, Bealing's alive, and you know it. I want to know how much more you know about this ghastly business."

"Why do you make these accusations?" Coswarth retorted hotly.

"Because I know you were mixed up with Bealing—who is Clive Shoreham—and Harold Watson, whose real name you know as well as I do. And I hope to God, Coswarth, your associates stopped short of what looks like

Cornishman's Gold

By Anthony Mawes

—murder. Now, man, are you going to tell me the truth, or wait for the police?"

Harry Coswarth's bravado crumpled. He dropped into a chair and sat blinking in stupefaction at his companion.

"How did you know?" he whispered.

"I've been watching you for weeks, Coswarth; since those mornings when you followed Miss Pendrew to the Fern Cave. And I knew about your secret meetings with Mr.—Watson." He spoke the name with contempt. "And I learned a good deal too from poor William Thomas—after Watson got him discharged from Pendrew's to make a place for your butler. Did it never occur to you that a man dismissed unjustly has a very human passion for revenge? And a servant's knowledge is a very deep one. Your own staff had a good deal to say to poor Thomas about their master's extraordinary intimacy with his butler, and the way he dealt with certain old documents his master handed to him. But that's neither here nor there. You can tell me everything and leave me to use my own discretion—or you can lie and take the consequences."

Coswarth's face looked suddenly ten years older. Gregory Pyne's words left him no room for doubt. There was a short silence, then Harry Coswarth, more frightened than he had ever been in his life, threw himself upon the Rector's mercy.

It was a strange, discreditable confession he made; the old story of a man's deterioration under the lust for gold. Watson had come to him first, soon after the sale of the library, with a vague tale of hidden treasure. Cunningly he had insinuated that Sir Harry's help was necessary, and had dangled a vision of great wealth before his eyes. It had been arranged that Bealing, described as an assistant of Watson, should become Coswarth's butler, that he might have freedom to prowling about the house.

At first it was imagined that the cellar referred to in the diary was that of Coswarth Place; but Bealing had quickly abandoned that idea. He had pressed the baronet for any old letters or documents that he might have; and from them the three conspirators had pieced together much more of the story.

The diary was one written by an ancestor of Sir Harry's, a

hard-bitten rake of a fellow who had used his position in the county, and his Commission of the Peace, largely for his own ends. It appeared from the documents that old Parker's antecedents were well known to him, and the pirate had bribed him heavily to keep his mouth shut. But that eighteenth-century Coswarth had grown greedy, and had set his heart upon securing the whole of Parker's Hoard.

Pyne, grave-faced, sat at the writing-table taking notes.

"And Nickel—how did he come into it?" he asked.

"One night when Lynn dined here, he said something about old coins he had bought from Nickel. Bealing tackled Nickel at once, bluffed him, I imagine, and made him join forces. Nickel knew where Miss Pendrew had found the coins; he got it out of a servant at the inn who sold them for her."

"But the inquest?" said Pyne sternly.

Coswarth swallowed.

"I had no option," he answered with a shiver. "I thought Bealing had gone—abandoned the search—and I was glad. Then came—that. Every one thought it was Bealing—and I couldn't be sure. And, anyway, if I'd raised the question, the whole story would have come out. I had to identify him to save my own reputation."

"And you didn't care that there was a dead man concerned? Have you any idea who it was?"

Coswarth was on his feet in a moment.

"No. No. I swear I haven't," he said. "I hardly looked at the dead man. I was shocked. I swear to you, Pyne, I had not seen Bealing for days before that, and I haven't seen or heard of him since. Nor have I seen Watson or Nickel. I've been out of it, I tell you."

"All right. All right." The parson raised a restraining hand.

The interview came to its end at last. Pyne scanned his notes as he gathered them together. Sir Harry looked on as if he were dazed.

"And—what are you going to do about it?" he asked unsteadily.

Pyne looked thoughtfully down at the floor. "I don't quite know yet," he said. "It may not be in my power to decide."

ON his way back from the Point, Martin remembered his promise to Anstice. Only a few hours before he had told her he would not go into the passage again without her.

Martin telephoned Anstice from the inn, and her patent distress at his request troubled him. When at last she consented, there was a little catch in her voice as she besought him to take care.

And then began the most eventful of all Martin's adventures in that subterranean passage. He went ahead with a powerful torch, Morrow following behind with Snape. Their intention was to go as far as the water, and see there if some means could not be discovered

to get them across dry-shod, for Snape was a poor swimmer, and neither Martin nor Morrow relished the prospect of another immersion in that icy pool. They had discussed planks roped together as a raft, or even the possibility of a collapsible boat.

A few paces beyond the wall Martin stopped and sniffed the air. The place reeked, and there was a stench of mud.

"The air doesn't seem so good as it was before," he called over his shoulder.

"Pretty foul," Morrow agreed.

They pressed on, bending low now, and slipping on the slimy floor.

Presently Martin called again:

"We're just there; I can see the wall."

He stumbled on a pace or two farther, then shone his light downward across the wall. Morrow saw him start back in amazement.

"What's up?" he called.

"The water—it's gone," he said stupidly. "The lake's empty. You can see the slime at the bottom."

Morrow pushed forward and looked over Martin's shoulder. From the other side of the low brick wall the bottom of the lake sloped downward sharply to a wetter of mud, with here and there a little inky pool. The echo of their voices came back hollow.

For some moments they stood staring; only the sound of the falling water in the distance broke the silence.

"This is damned queer, Lynn," said Morrow at last. "What do you make of it?"

"By gad! I believe—"

Martin was speaking almost to himself. He broke off abruptly. "Here—shove a rope on to me. I'll test that mud; it may not be as easy as the water." His sudden outcry brought a sharp "What's that?" from the bewildered Snape.

They roped Martin, and he slithered down into the noisome mud. The slimy stuff reached to his knees, and his progress was slow. He plunged on. The wild, half-formed idea that had flashed into his brain was taking clearer shape. He wanted to see that passage that sloped so steeply away to the roof of the Fern Cave.

"Is it all right?" Morrow called anxiously.

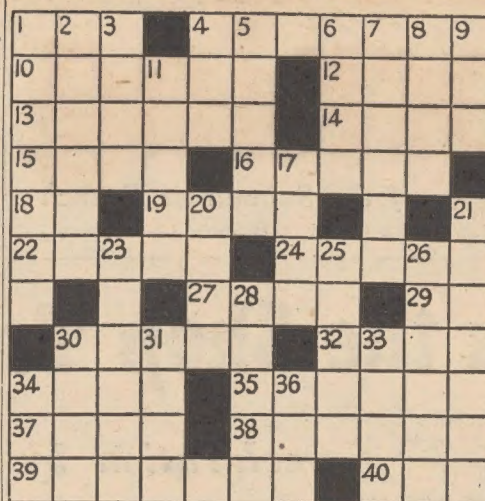
"Tell you in a minute," Martin answered. He flashed his lamp ahead, his eyes straining to see—he dared not think what: and—suddenly the bright rays showed up something even wilder than he had imagined.

The farther passage was there, but some feet above his head now, as he stumbled at the bottom of what, last night, had been a deep lake. Beneath it was a jagged rent, a thing of torn and tumbled rock, with a few rough-masoned stones clinging to the sides. And beyond, a cavernous darkness.

"My God!" he exclaimed.

Martin found himself standing on a comparatively clean bottom now. Icy water played about his feet

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Hollow.
- 4 Fallings.
- 10 Girl's name.
- 12 Mere.
- 13 Jumped.
- 14 Blemish.
- 15 Drainage well.
- 16 Attempt.
- 18 Pronoun.
- 19 Channel.
- 22 Stair post.
- 24 Doorkeeper.
- 27 Thin stratum.
- 29 Artist.
- 30 Fruit.
- 32 On the summit.
- 34 Shift.
- 35 Scrape off.
- 37 Melody.
- 38 Boat.
- 39 Pills.
- 40 Animal.

PARTICIPLES

ADORN SHALL
LATIN MANSE
GAMES SEEN
AIR RUDE D
TOYS P SALE
T HUES MAR
ADSE REPAY
CULLY RAZED
KNAVE GLORY
S BETWEEN E

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Transient.
- 2 Attribute.
- 3 Name.
- 4 Noise.
- 5 Keen.
- 6 Recedes.
- 7 Hood.
- 8 Weight.
- 9 Collection.
- 11 Fall back.
- 17 Big gull.
- 20 Too.
- 21 Cloth dealers.
- 23 Beetle.
- 25 Quick-witted.
- 26 Gnaws away.
- 28 Decree.
- 30 Facts and tradition.
- 31 Powdered grain.
- 33 Good-bye.
- 34 Chart.
- 36 Vehicle.

and dropped musically a few yards away, into what he knew was the Fern Cave. He stopped, almost afraid to venture farther alone; for in a second the solution of the problem had become plain to him.

"I wish you'd come here," he said; "I can guess what's happened. They tried to blast a way in."

His voice rose high and shrill.

"And—oh my God! Morrow, don't you see what it means? Whoever was in the cave was buried by the collapse."

A cry from Morrow roused him. He hurried forward. Snape knelt on the very edge of the break in the wall, and Morrow had lowered himself over and was standing on a great mass of rock which had fallen from the roof. Their torches were focused upon the scene about them.

Martin gasped in utter amazement. The Fern Cave had practically ceased to exist. Much of the roof had fallen in, torn in Titanic boulders from the solid rock.

THE dull glow of a light showed in the blackness. Anstice's voice was calling, echoing strangely through the gloom.

"All right. Stay where you are," Martin called back.

In his anxiety to save her from the scene he had just witnessed, he was hardly surprised at her presence. He plunged into the mud and waded towards her light.

"You must go back. Something very terrible has happened," he cried.

But she answered him clearly as he came into view.

"I'll go when you go."

He scrambled up to her.

"Why are you here?" he asked quickly.

"We came over. I couldn't wait. I wanted to be here, to see that—that it was all right."

He must get her away. That was all he could think of.

"Very well," he said; "then we'll go back."

Her face was grave and anxious, her eyes dark and questioning in the dim light.

"No. I want to see," she said stubbornly.

"You can't. You mustn't," he protested. "You can't conceive what's happened. The cave's in ruins. This"—he threw out his hand—"this was a cave last night."

(To be continued)

ODD CORNER

"RUSSIAN Fleas... Two hundred of these little creatures are Exhibiting Daily, from 1 to 10, at 5 Leicester Square, their Performances astonishing all Beholders. Fleas of all Nations, giving their varied Entertainments, Firing Cannon, Stage Coach and Omnibus Conveyance, etc. Admission One Shilling." From "The Times," January, 1852.

QUIZ for today

1. A slype is a small snail, snake, covered passage, sneak, drain, fish?
2. Who wrote (a) The Hand of the Potter, (b) Potterism?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Bicycle, Scooter, Bathchair, Hansom Cab, Governess Cart.
4. How many sides has a tetrahedron?
5. How many sheets are there in a quire of paper?
6. What king tried to upset the tides?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt? Congruous, Cyclops, Cypress, Candessant, Camembert, Calumet.
8. How old is Clark Gable?
9. In what county was Nelson born?
10. On what mountain did the Ark finally rest?
11. Is the Isle of Man nearest to England, Ireland, or Scotland?
12. Who were the wives of (a) Brutus, (b) Hamlet?

Answers to Quiz in No. 380

1. Fabulous bird.
2. (a) John Dos Passos, (b) Kipling.
3. Lough Neagh is in Ireland; others in Scotland.
4. Four.
5. Five.
6. Windermere.
7. Querulous, Quintette.
8. 31.
9. Edinburgh.
10. Twelve.
11. Spencer.
12. Cornflower, Corn Cockle, Cornsalad.

WANGLING WORDS—327

1. Put a portion in AMENT and get a flat.
2. In the following first line of a popular song, both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? Nyjen tawi lilt teh dulcos loir yb.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change EYE into LID and then back again into EYE, without using the same word twice.
4. How many hidden pieces of furniture can you find in the following? One stab, left hook, and he's down! So far it's not much of a match—airy blows at nothing.

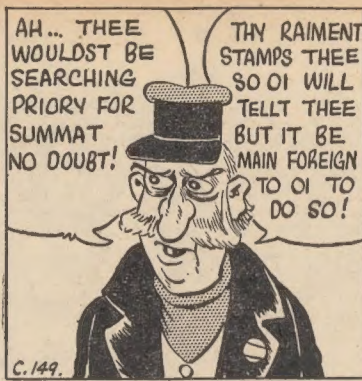
Answer to Wangling Words—No. 326

1. ASSailANT.
2. I'm one of the ruins that Cromwell knocked about a bit.
3. MAD, had, hag, hog, DOG, cog, cod, cad, MAD.
4. W-hit-man.

JANE



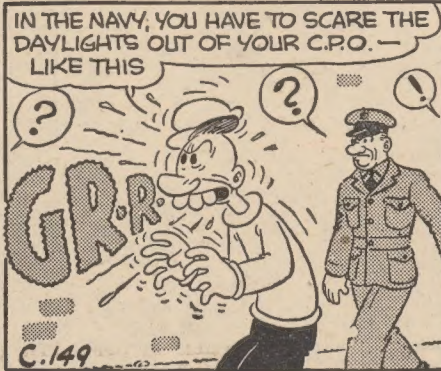
BEELZEBUB JONES



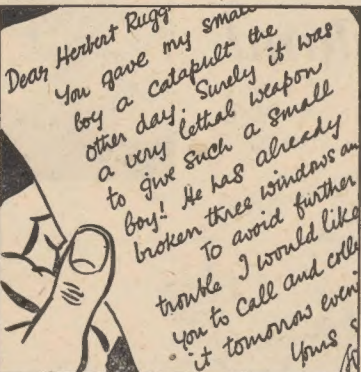
BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



ARGUE THIS OUT FOR YOURSELVES

THE SMART WOMAN.

THERE is one kind of woman I am afraid of—it is the woman that used to be called a lady, or a fashionable woman, now the smart woman, in so far as there are any of them left, who make it their business to see that none of the world's work is done when they are about. They bore me and they frighten me.

Professor C. E. M. Joad.

ORATORY.

TO an Irishman like myself it sometimes seems that the British imagine that the worse a man speaks the more he has to say, the more haltingly he expresses himself the more deeply he feels. Everyone knows they distrust heroics, and that they respond to formless natural speech.

Desmond MacCarthy.

CIVILIANS AND SOLDIERS.

CIVILIANS have the greatest difficulty in understanding morale because they are always trying to imagine what they would do if someone rang the doorbell, tapped them on the shoulder, and said, "Come along, my friend, you will invade Europe to-morrow morning." They just do not see how they could face up to it, and in this mood they become nervously sentimental and hero-worshipful, or they palpitate with schemes for injecting noble thoughts or violent hatreds into the Army. The great fact about the Army is that, when the men are thoroughly trained and well equipped, they are no longer bewildered civilians filled with anxiety and stage-fright about a task they do not understand, and to which they feel inadequate. They feel their own power.

Walter Lippmann.

IGNORANCE, UNBELIEF.

THE churches are up against a great mass of ignorance and unbelief. The wiseacres are always saying that right deep down in their hearts the people of this country are very religious. I do not believe a word of it. What we have to-day is a sentimental humanism based on a rather vague theism that somewhere there is a God, and if we all do our best it will turn out all right in the long run, and, in any case, we are all in the same boat, so why worry? I, frankly, do not believe a word of all the talk that soldiers and sailors are simply bursting with repressed religion.

Bishop of Chelmsford.

THE NEW SLUMS.

BETWEEN the wars we laid the foundations of slums on the outskirts of London as quickly as we cleared congested districts, for these badly built estates will inevitably sink to slum level as the buildings decay; signs of this process are already apparent. If... once again the speculative builder is to be let loose to exploit a time of scarcity, the consequences will be disastrous, and the post-war years will see the creation of yet more districts destined to become slums. If we are to avoid making another paradise for jerry-builders, there must be the most stringent control over lay-out, design, specification, materials and construction at every stage.

Rev. M. M. Hodgins.

LAZY HOUSEWIVES?

GRADUALLY during the past half-century housewives have become lazy, or else they have become ashamed of the craft which was the beginning of civilisation and is still the core of it. They grew grossly incompetent to train housewives. As a consequence the girls were not trained. Moreover, the light estimation in which mistresses held domestic work lowered its status. Finally, it became a last hope of the incompetent and of the half, the lame and the purblind. Whatever neat devices there may be, we shall never solve the problem of domestic service unless and until housewives recapture pride in their great craft and strive to make themselves competent craftswomen.

W. R. Titterton.

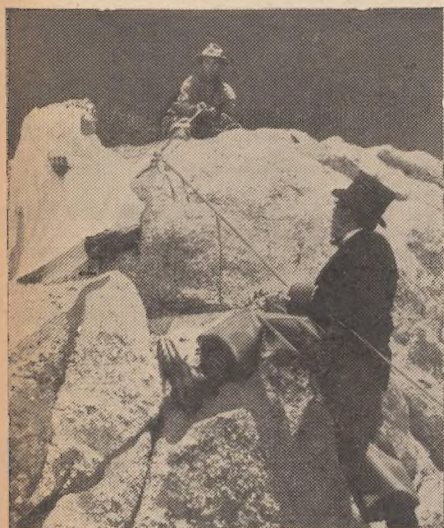
WHAT'S IN A NAME?

THE very word Conservatism suggests reaction rather than advance, and to-day people, though lacking faith in the past and filled with doubt and hesitation about the future, are animated by an intense and ardent desire for progress. I suggest that it is difficult to persuade people to rally to a party whose policy may be national in the widest sense, but whose title fails to make a widespread appeal because it appears to connote reaction.

E. G. Sarsfield-Hall.

Good Morning

SHE'S COMING
ROUND THE
MOUNTAIN.



"Just give me another little piece of rope, and I'll be up where you want me, Mr. Guide."



Putting her No. 64's on the granite-sided uplift, here comes the bride.



And here they are united at least ostensibly and by rope. Both are obviously up the Alps.

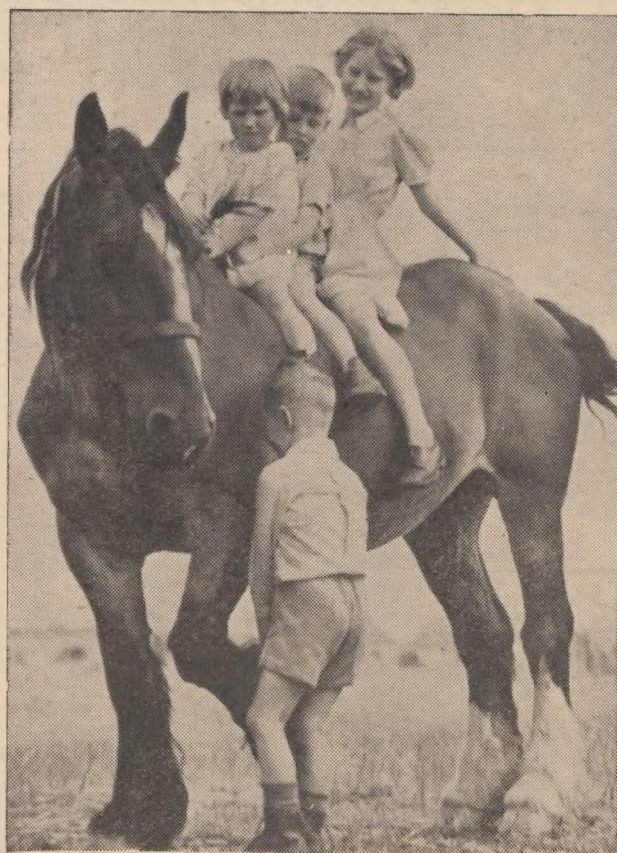


This England

Slow and smooth ; the way the waters flow at the Old Lock of Waterford, Herts.



S'a funny thing when goose and lamb do lie together, there shall reign our good weather.



"Whoa, there ! Thought I saw you limping 'cross stubble-like. Natural, I sez, what with load."



★ "Allow me to relax. What with one thing and the other, a senorita's life is hardly worth while the way I live." ★

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Female, and burdened, obviously"

